If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou lothed iſſue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought
Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.

Qu. M. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no replie,
O let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe.

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your

Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that bottled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.

Haſt. False boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Riu. Were you well ſerud you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſerue me well; you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and yon my ſubiects:

O

O ſerue me well, and teach yo
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her
Q. M. Peace Maſter Mar
Your fire-new ſtampe of hon
O that your yong nobilitie co
What twere to looſe it and b
They that ſtand high, haue m
And if they fall, they daſh the
Glo. Good counſell mary,
Dor. It toucheth you (my
Glo. Yea, and much more.
Our aiery buildeth in the Ce
And dallies with the winde, a
Qu. M. And turnes the ſu
Witnes my ſonne, now in the
Whoſe bright outſhining bea
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe f
Your aierie buildeth in our ai
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſu
As it was wonne with bloud,
Buck. Haue done for ſham
Q. M. Vrge neither cha
Vncharitably with me haue
And ſhamefully by you my h
My charitie is outrage, life m
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my
Buck. Haue done.
Q. M. O Princely Buckin
In ſigne of league and amitie
Now faire befall thee, and thy
Thy garments are not ſpotte
Nor thou within the compaſſ
Buck. Nor no one here, for
The lips of thoſe that breath
Q. M. Ile not beleeue bu
And there awake Gods gentl
O Buckingham beware of yo
Looke when he fawnes, he b

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